

January 1984 by alltoowheeler

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Byeler - Freeform, M/M, Oneshot, i wrote this a couple of months ago, my poor boy, post-s1 angst, the first fic I ever posted on tumblr whaaattttt, will is hecka gay

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

post-s1, will has a giant hecka crush on mike and is sad about it

January 1984

“Shit!”

“Oh man.”

“What the hell?”

“That should’ve been safe!” Will cried, staring at the dice in disbelief.

“Yeah, well it wasn’t,” Lucas muttered, sweeping the dice into his hand. “It was a four, Mike. I’m dead,” he said as Mike came down the stairs. Will’s stomach lurched.

“What?!” Mike said as Dustin and Lucas launched into an animated play-by-play of what had happened while he was upstairs. “Wait—guys—my mom said we have to stop.”

“We just got started,” Lucas grumbled.

“Come on, I’ll race ya.” Dustin punched Lucas’s shoulder. The two boys grabbed their coats and ran up the stairs arguing. Will slowly got up and put his coat on, not wanting to leave, but panicking at the thought of being alone with Mike.

Will was halfway up the stairs when he looked back. Mike was staring at the blanket fort—Eleven’s blanket fort, Will thought with a sinking feeling.

“Hey... Mike. You okay?” he asked, coming back downstairs.

Mike looked up. “Yeah. I just—” he screwed his eyes shut for a moment, looking pained. “Yeah, I’m coming.”

He came over to the stairs and started up. Will followed close behind. “You miss her... don’t you?” he said.

Mike shrugged. “I guess.” He sniffed and wiped his nose.

Will took a breath. “You know you can talk to me about... stuff, right? I mean... if you want.”

Mike stopped and looked at Will. "...yeah. Thanks, Will." He smiled through wet eyes. Will managed a small smile back, trying not to stare at Mike's freckles.

For a split second Will was back in the Upside Down– sitting in Castle Byers, shivering. Waiting for the monster to find him again. Remembering all the times Mike had sat next to him on those blankets, playing cards or talking about Lord of the Rings. Back before Eleven left, when Mike's smile reached his eyes. When all Will could think about was what he would give to kiss that small, twisted smile.

And then he was back, and Mike had turned away, and they were walking up the stairs again. Will's mom was waiting outside; she insisted on driving him home after dark now. Will smiled at Mike one more time before the door closed between them.

"Did you have fun, honey? Or should I say Will the Wise?" his mom smiled at his D&D name, putting her arm around his shoulder.

"Yeah," Will said, looking up at the cold January stars, not sure why he suddenly felt like crying.

"Yeah, it was okay."